

CHARLES STARRETT *as*

The
DURANGO KID

"THE LADY
PACKS A
SIX-GUN!"

10c



Send for my **FREE** Outfit and start a **Quick-Cash** spare time Shoe Business!

**Just 2 Sales a Day
Brings You up to \$217
EXTRA a Month!**



We Show You How To Do It!

Now, without spending one cent, you can start a spare-time Shoe Business that brings in exciting cash profits every month! My powerful Selling Outfit makes it **easy**. Just take 2 orders a day for our fine, Nationally-Advertised shoes and you earn up to **\$217.50 extra** a month! You also get chances to win valuable free prizes.

EVERYBODY Wears Shoes!

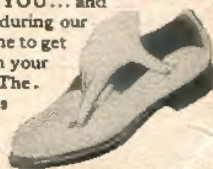
Here's the perfect business, because **EVERYONE** you know can be a customer! Just show friends, relatives, neighbors, people where you work, how Mason Velvet-ez Air Cushion shoes let them "Walk on Air". That's **REAL** comfort!

As the Mason Shoe Counselor you give people the **EXACT** style, size and width they order because you draw on our giant stock of 200,000 pairs in sizes 2 1/2 to 15, widths AAAA to EEEE. Customers choose from over 160 different styles—dress, sport and work styles for men and women, including air-cooled Nylon Mesh shoes, also work shoes with special built-in comfort and safety features. You'll be **EXCITED** the way people stuff steady cash profits in your pocket for extra-comfortable Mason shoes!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
DEPT. MA-226, CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.

Mason Shoes Can Be Bought Only From YOU!

Because we do not sell Mason Velvet-ez shoes in stores, people must buy these TV-advertised shoes with the famed Good Housekeeping Seal **ONLY FROM YOU**... and **keep** buying from you! ★ Right now, during our Golden Anniversary year, is the perfect time to get started. Just mail the coupon and I'll rush your money-making **FREE** Starting Outfit. The Professional Sample Outfit pictured above is sent to qualified men without a penny's cost! Send **today** and start earning exciting cash profits **RIGHT AWAY!**



RUSH FOR FREE OUTFIT!

MR. RED MASON
MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. MA-226
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

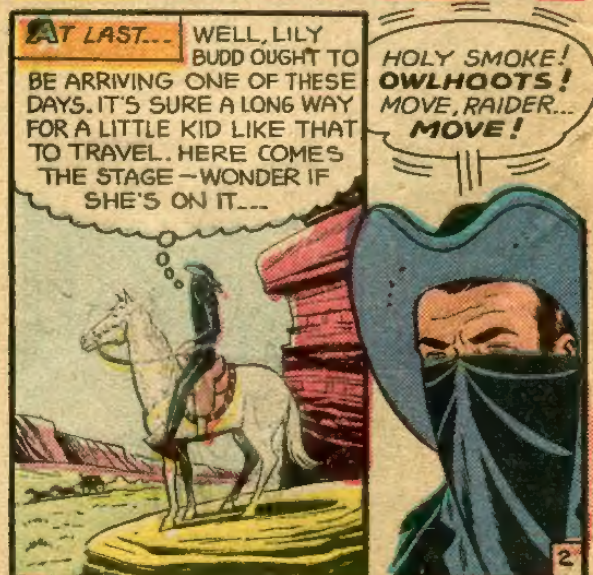
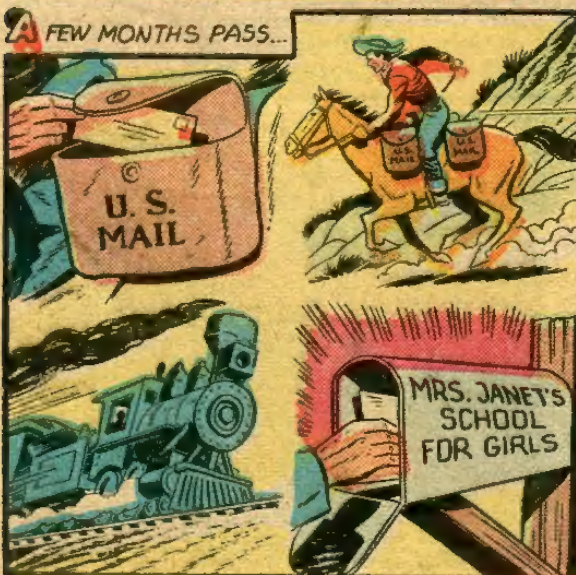
Please rush my 50th Anniversary **FREE** Selling Outfit so I can start making up to **\$217 EXTRA** a month and **more RIGHT AWAY!**

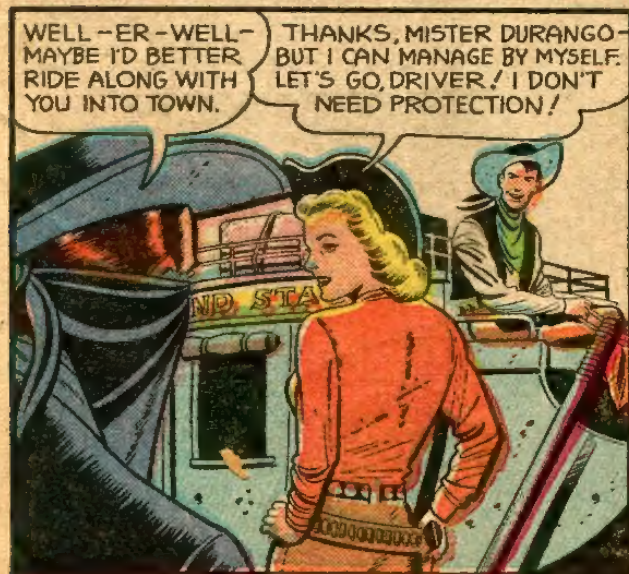
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____

The DURANGO KID

DON'T LOOK NOW, DURANGO—
BUT THIS FIGHT WILL LAUNCH YOU
INTO ONE OF THE REAL BIG FIGHTS
OF YOUR CAREER! WHAT WILL YOU
DO WHEN YOU FIND OUT THAT
"THE LADY PACKS
A SIX-GUN!"



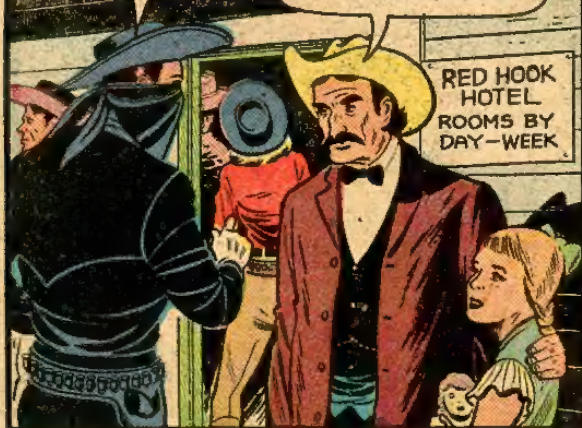




IN TOWN

WELL, JUDGE, LILY BUDD ARRIVED AT LAST AND...

SHE SHORE DID, DURANGO! HYAR SHE IS -- JEST CAME IN BY TRAIN ALL BY HERSELF! AIN'T SHE CUTE? SAY HELLO, LILY...



HEY WAIT A MINUTE! SHE SAYS **SHE'S** LILY BUDD! SHE JUST CAME IN BY STAGE... DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HER UNCLE'S DEAD YET... AND THERE WERE OWLHOOTS AFTER HER...

WAL, I'LL BE...! SHE SHORE DON'T LOOK LIKE THE PICTURE, DURANGO! BUT THIS KID DOES! AND THIS KID'S GOT MUH LETTER!



THE DAME'S A PHONY, DURANGO! SHE'LL PRETEND TUH BE ALL BROKE UP 'BOUT HER UNCLE'S DEATH -- AN' THEN SHE'LL CLAIM THUH RANCH. BET SHE RIGGED UP THET PHONY OWLHOOT ATTACK ON THE STAGE -- SO IT'LL LOOK LIKE SOMEBODY'S TRYIN' TUH GIT RID O' HER.

RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, JUDGE. BUT COUNT ME OUT! I'LL TACKLE OWLHOOTS AND RUSTLERS -- BUT WHEN IT COMES TO AN ARGUMENT WITH A SASSY DAME, I JUST DON'T SHINE!

JUST LEAVE IT ALL TO ME, DURANGO! I'LL FIX HER -- GOOD!

YOUNG WOMAN! LISTEN, EVERYBODY -- THET GAL'S A PHONY! SHE PERTENDIN' TUH BE LILY BUDD, COME TUH CLAIM HER DAID UNCLE'S RANCH. THIS PORE LITTLE KID'S THUH REAL LILY BUDD! RUN HER OUTA TOWN, BOYS!



SO! THAT'S THE WAY THINGS ARE AROUND HERE, EH? HOLD STILL, ALL OF YOU! I'M GOING OUT THAT DOOR AND DON'T ANYBODY TRY TO STOP ME!



THEY DON'T SCARE ME OFF THAT EASILY! I'LL NEED HELP AND I KNOW WHERE TO GO TO GET IT -- AND I DON'T CARE WHAT KIND OF HELP IT IS!



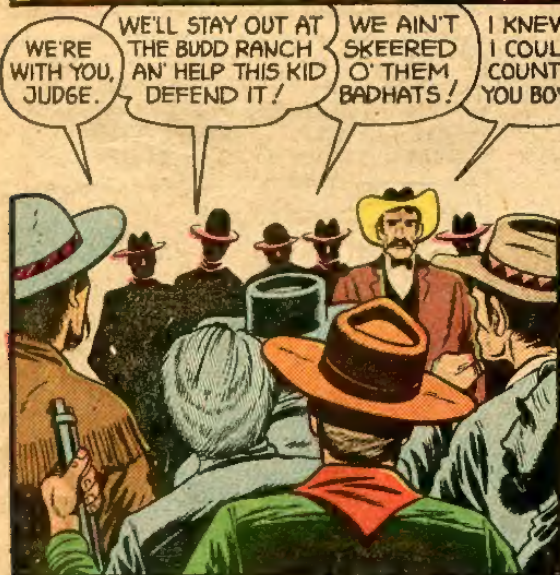


LISTEN TO ME, MEN! I'M HIRING GUNRIDERS! I WANT MEN WHO CAN RIDE AND SHOOT AND DON'T CARE WHY! I'M OFFERING TOP SHOOTING PAY! ANY TAKERS?

WAL, I'LL BE...! YUH GOT YORESELF A DEAL, LADY! HOW 'BOUT IT, BOYS?



LOOKIT THET, MEN! SHE'S GOT HERSELF A PASSEL O' GUNSLICKS! THIS MEANS **WAR!** AND DURANGO'S WALKED OUT ON US - WON'T FIGHT A LADY - WHAT WE GONNA DO?



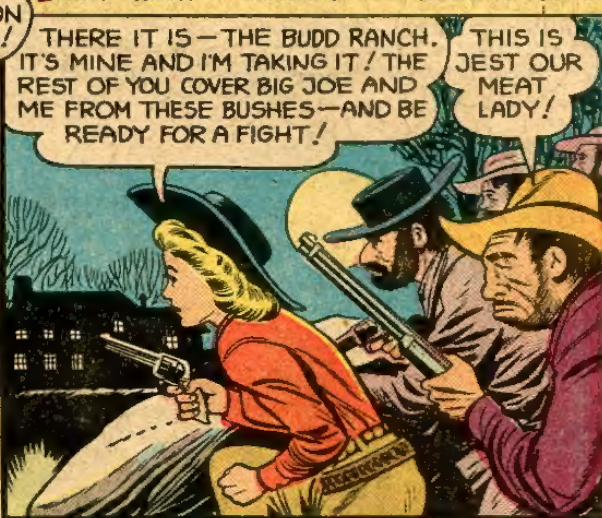
WE'RE WITH YOU, JUDGE.

WE'LL STAY OUT AT THE BUDD RANCH AN' HELP THIS KID DEFEND IT!

WE AIN'T SKEERED O' THEM BADHATS!

I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU BOYS!

THAT NIGHT - OUTSIDE THE BUDD RANCH...



THERE IT IS - THE BUDD RANCH. IT'S MINE AND I'M TAKING IT! THE REST OF YOU COVER BIG JOE AND ME FROM THESE BUSHES - AND BE READY FOR A FIGHT!

THIS IS JEST OUR MEAT LADY!



INSIDE THE HOUSE...

I SEE SOMETHIN' MOVIN' OUT THAR. HYAR THEY COME, BOYS! YUH SHORE YUH GOT NO FEELIN'S 'BOUT FIGHTIN' A DAME?

NOT WHEN IT'S A DAME LIKE THET! WE'RE READY AN' WAITIN', JUDGE!



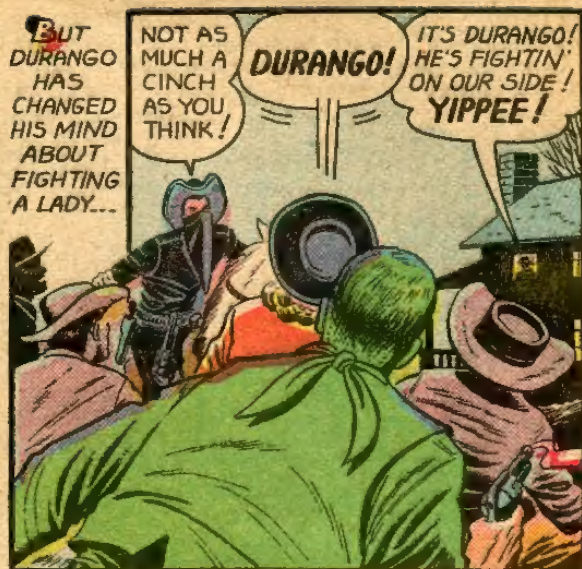
YEOW! - THEY GOT AN ARMY IN THAR!

DUCK! THEY WANT A FIGHT AND THEY'RE GOING TO GET IT! TELL THE REST OF THE BOYS TO MOVE IN SHOOTING! YOU'LL GET PAID FOR THIS!

ZING ZING

BANG! BANG!

ZING



RIGHT! THAT PICTURE WAS TAKEN TEN YEARS AGO! LILY BUDD WAS ELEVEN YEARS OLD THEN—AND NOW SHE'S TWENTY—ONE! TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THIS KID—AND THEN LOOK AT ME—NOW WHO'S THE REAL LILY BUDD, STUPID?

WELL, I'LL BE—! THEN WHO IS THIS LITTLE KID?



MY HUNCH IS THAT THIS KID CAN TELL US—AND A SPANKING WILL REFRESH HER MEMORY!

NAW—NAW—DON'T SPANK ME!



HALP! HALP! HELP ME, UNCLE BENCH—DON'T LET HER SPANK ME! I WAS JUST DOING WHAT YOU TOLD ME TO DO.

JUDGE BENCH—THIS IS YOUR NIECE! BLAZES.

...GOT TO GIT OUTA HYAR!



OH, NO YOU DON'T! START EXPLAINING, JUDGE!



MY OWN NIECE, THIS KID, LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE THE PICTURE THAT I THOUGHT I COULD PASS HER OFF AS THE REAL LILY BUDD. THEN I'D FIX IT SO SHE'D TURN THE RANCH OVER TO ME. I DIDN'T KNOW THAT PICTURE WAS TEN YEARS OLD.

AND YOU TRIED TO GET RID OF ME. IT WAS YOUR MEN WHO ATTACKED MY STAGE COACH—...



I'M SORRY, MISS BUDD—BUT YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT LOOKED BAD FOR YOU FOR A WHILE THERE.

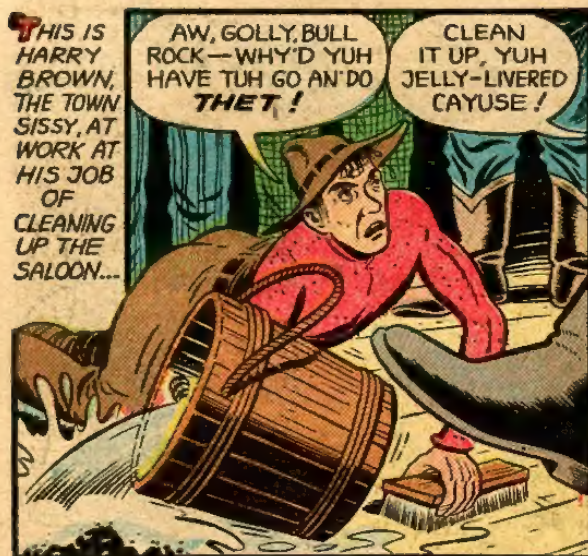
DURANGO—WHEN IT COMES TO THE LADIES, YOU'RE NOT SO SMART. BUT YOU SURE CAN FIGHT!

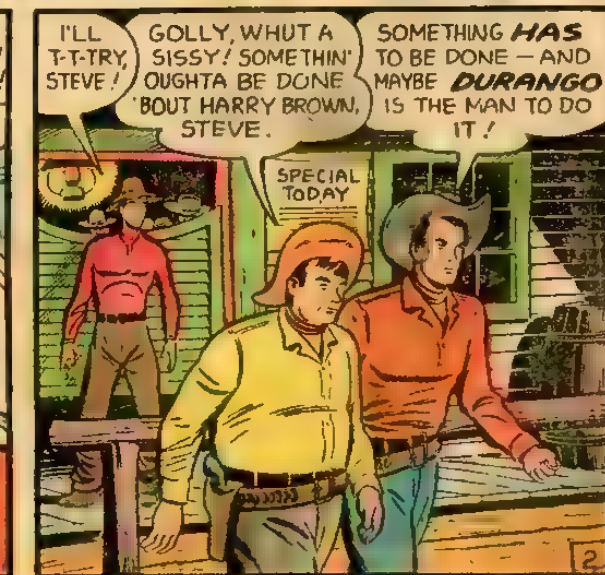
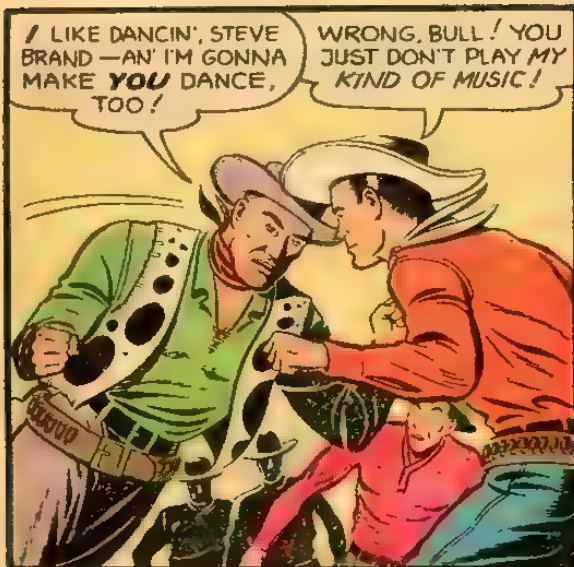


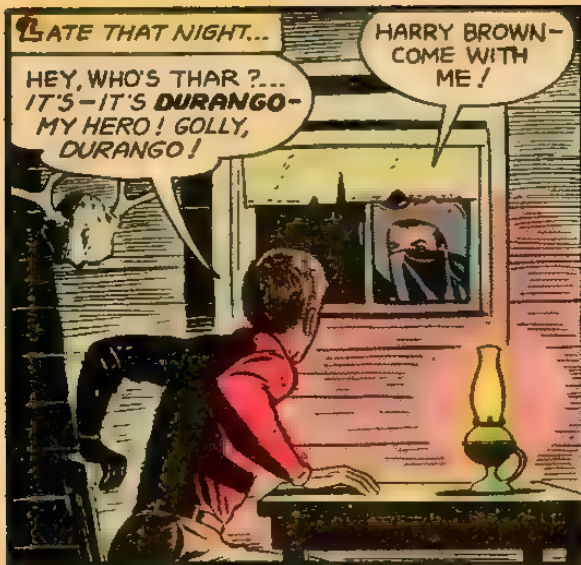
HMMMM—I WONDER IF HE'S GOOD-LOOKING, TOO?

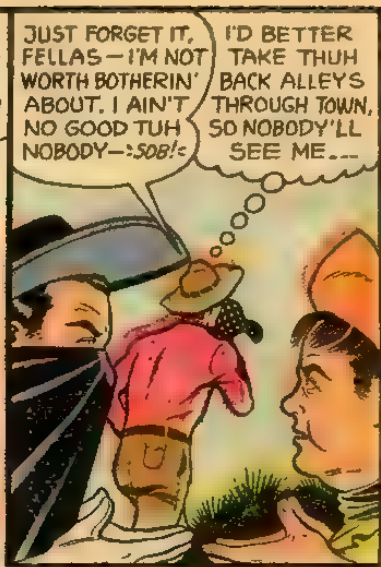


THE END

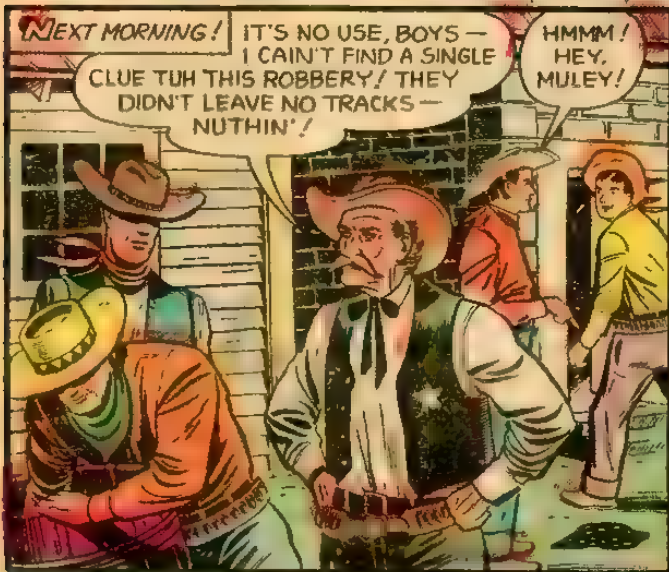


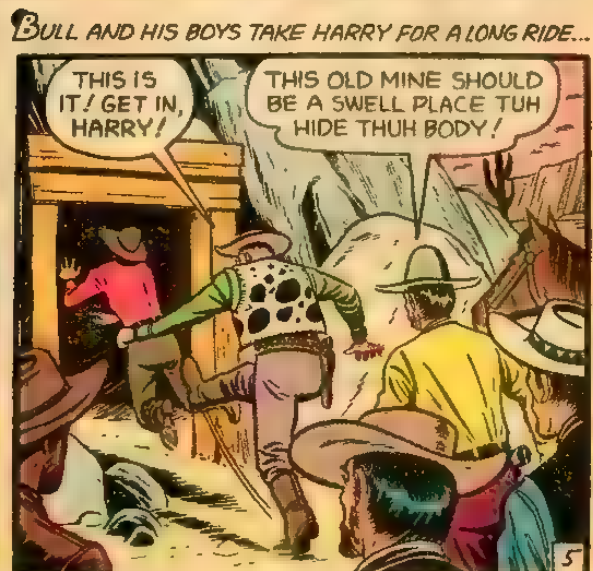
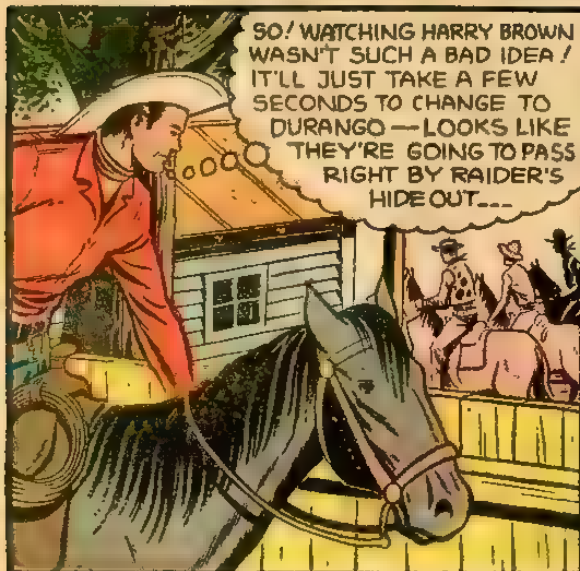
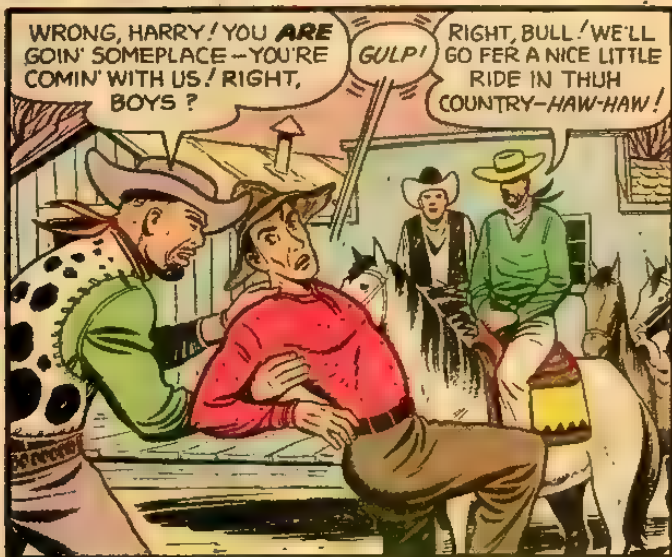
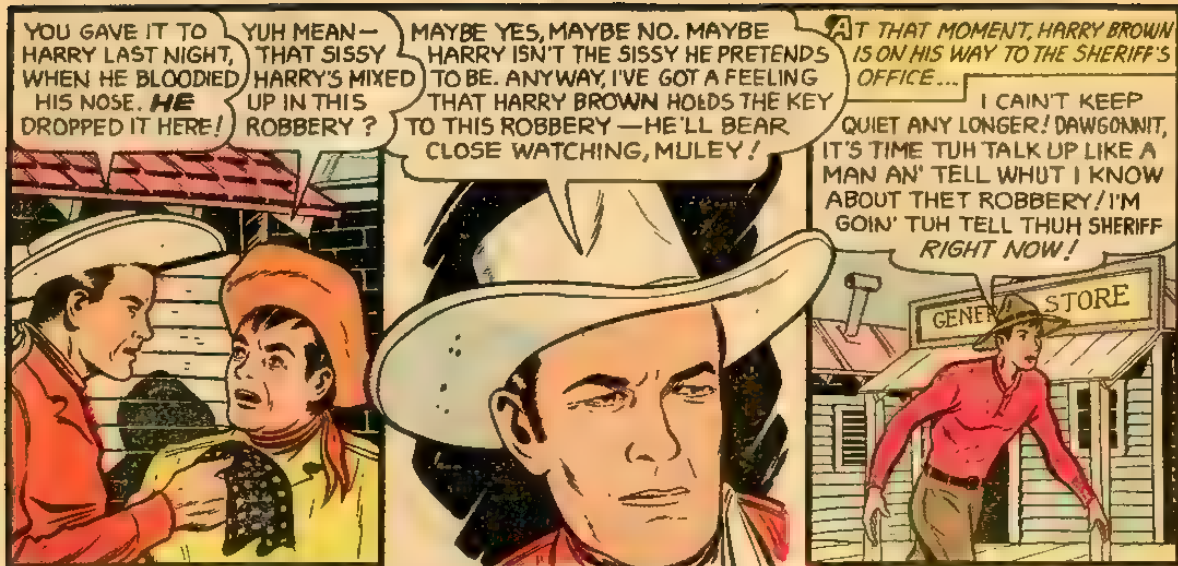




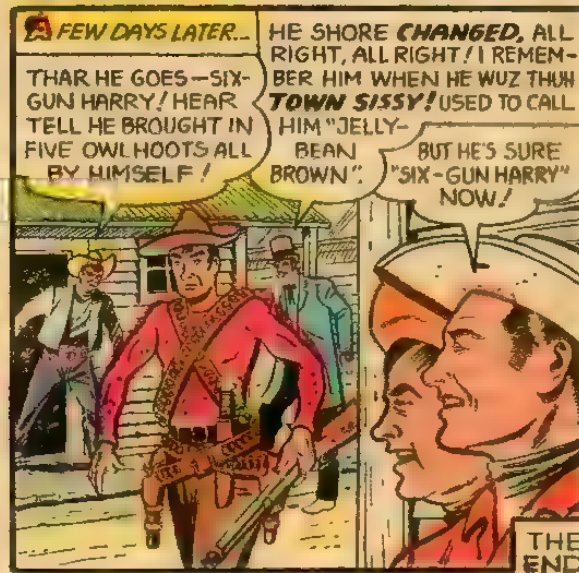
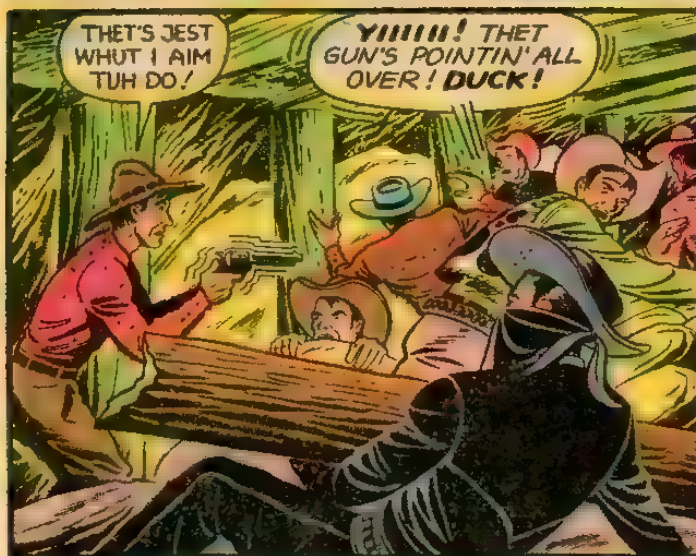
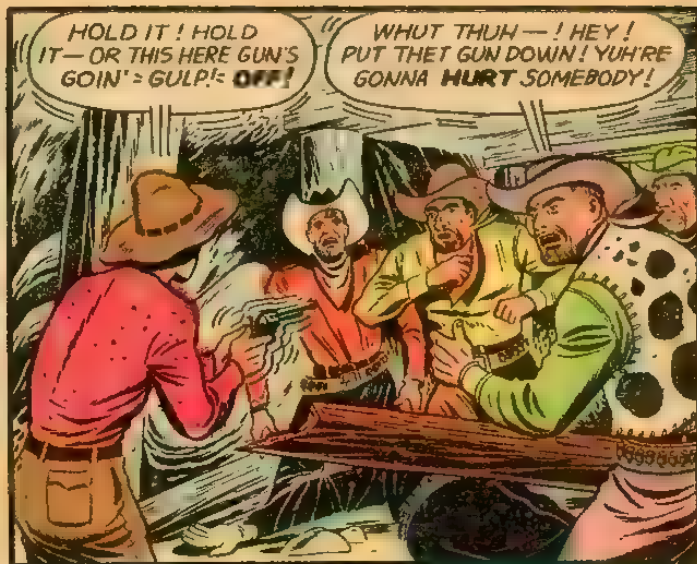


BROKEN-
HEARTED
AND
ASHAMED,
HARRY
TAKES THE
ALLEYS
THROUGH
TOWN, TOO
DISGUSTED
WITH
HIMSELF
TO FACE
ANYBODY.
AND
BEHIND THE
BANK...









BADMEN OF HACKAMORE

THE little frontier town of Hackamore had another name. The men who rode the herds up from Texas and New Mexico called it the Death Town. Of the last three sheriffs and four town marshals who had attempted to keep the law, six were buried in Boot Hill, behind the blacksmith shop at the far end of town. The seventh man lay at the bottom of an inaccessible canyon, shot in the back with a Winchester .44-40.

Federal Marshal Flip Carson thought of those seven men as he sat the kak of his Cheyenne saddle, his white gelding pacing slowly down the main street of Hackamore. His orders were clear enough. They were to "find out who's behind the killings, get him, then come back in time to take another case!" That was how the Chief Marshal had put it, from behind his mahogany desk in the Territorial Capitol.

Flip sighed and swung off the gelding. It was easy for the Chief to say that, but here amid the falsefronts and the yellowed, sun-cracked buildings of the trail town, trying to do it was like butting against a blank stone wall.

His feet were scarcely in the dust in front of the Hackamore saloon before he felt the bullet sing past his cheek, and the report of the shot was drumming in his ears.

Flip whirled, his right hand streaking to the walnut butt of his Colt. A puff of gunsmoke clung to the air around the corner of the general store across the way. Gun in hand, Flip ran forward. He caught sight of a man racing toward a ground-reined horse, and snapped a shot at him. Then the man was on the horse and spurring.

Flip sighted carefully, but the horse was dipping and rising on the rolling ground west of the town. He fired twice, but missed.

Looking down, he saw a torn strip of blue flannel, with a button still attached, and caught in the buttonhole. Flip grinned wryly. "Caught some of his shirt, anyhow!"

He picked up the button and put it in his pocket.

After eating at the single restaurant that Hackamore boasted, Flip went across to the livery stable where he traded a Wheeling stogie for information.

"Well," said the liveryman, puffing in satisfaction at the cigar, "don't rightly know what to tell yuh. Seems that Clem Markhans an' Boss Creeson have been battlin' over who was goin' to be bossman of this range, an'

Creeson won. Him an' his boys gunned down Markhans 'bout six months ago. Since then, they've been ridin' high, wide an' handsome. Seems Boss don't hanker none to have a lawman in town, neither."

The liveryman caught Flip by the sleeve. His face looked worried. "Don't yuh go tell anybody who told yuh all that."

Flip smiled. "If I go the way of the other sheriffs and marshals, I won't have time to tell anyone."

The liveryman nodded, turning away. He said, "Yep, that's just about how I figger it!"

Flip made a wry face. So they were marking him off for dead, already! Fingering the torn strip of shirting with the button still attached, he went down the board walk. Passing a saloon and a general store, he turned in at a small house with a sign reading SEAMSTRESS pasted in a window.

A short, elderly woman answered his knock. He looked down at the torn strip in his hand, as Flip asked, "Excuse me, ma'am—but did you ever see a shirt like this before?"

Cheeks pale, the woman opened the door. She whispered, "Come in, come in. Don't stand out there where anybody can see us!"

With the door securely bolted, the woman caught at the strip and examined it. She said hurriedly. "We have to be so careful! Boss Creeson practically owns this town! He has everyone afraid of him. Hmmm . . . let me see. Most of the cowhands and menfolk in town bring me their shirts to be fixed. Yes . . . I remember this. It's off one of Vic Anderson's shirts. He's Creeson's foreman."

Flip took the shirt-piece from her and put it in his pocket. "Much obliged, ma'am. I reckon things will start to be different from now on!"

The bright lights of the Shorthorn Saloon glowed on faro tables and a long mahogany bar. On the improvised stage at the far end of the room a girl was singing *My Old Kentucky Home*. Grouped at the bar and around the tables were cowboys and freighters, with a stagecoach driver or two mixed in.

Flip Carson pushed open the batwing doors and stepped aside. He ran his eyes from table to table. His gaze settled on a dark-browed man in a tight shirt. Flip moved forward. The overhead lights caught at his badge and made it glisten.

The man in the tight shirt glanced up; swore and moved his right hand. Flip did not pause in his stride, but his right hand fell and lifted, and he held a .45 calibre Colt "Peace-

maker" in his hand. The light reflected from its blued finish.

"On your feet, hombre," said Flip coldly. "You missed your potshot at me. Now it's my turn!"

A man swore softly in the sudden silence. The clatter of a chuck-a-luck box rattled loudly. The man in the tight shirt pushed back his chair, grinning. He said loudly, "Yuh'll never hold me, marshal. I'll be out before dawn."

"You'll stand trial at the Capitol, Anderson! Now — move!"

They went through a lane of men and women that opened in front of the batwing doors. Flip knew a bullet might dig into his back at any moment, and his spine was cold and tingly. But he moved as surely as if he were walking alone on the cactus-dotted prairie.

They crossed the street and went into the jail. Flip unlocked the cell door and shoved his man through. Swinging the shellbelt he had taken from Anderson, he went into the front room and hung it on the wall.

Then he waited. Soon there was the sound of hoofbeats drumming away southward. Boss Creeson and his Dotted Hat ranch lay twenty miles south of Hackamore.

They came into town around midnight. From his bunk in the cell, the man could hear them, cursing and laughing softly. He arose and went to the barred window and looked out.

There was a full moon. By its light, and by the gleam of the kerosene lamps in the Hackamore Saloon and the Shorthorn Saloon, he counted them. There were eight of them, all with revolvers on their hips, their shellbelts heavy at their waists, lead by a man whose broad shoulders were wide in a black alpaca coat. They swung off their horses and walked toward the jail.

The man in the cell grinned and went to his cot and lay there, waiting.

Outside the small town jail and sheriff's office, the eight men paused. Boss Creeson growled low in his throat and moved his gunbelt around so that his Colt was ready to his hand. He said, "There's a light on in th' office. That'll be that new marshal lyin' there, sleep-in'. One of yuh boys get him!"

A man detached himself from the little group and went forward to the window. He lifted the gun from its holster and took careful aim. His finger tightened on the trigger and the gun bucked and roared. The figure of the man sleeping on the cot jerked once, and was still.

The man with the smoking revolver laughed coldly and waved an arm. At the dead run, the eight men went toward the door. They ran into the small, brightly lighted office, not even glancing at the figure lying on the little cot.

Only Boss Creeson said, with a cruel laugh, "Reckon they'll have to send a new man down from the Capitol. But we got plenty of bullets. We'll take care of them, long as they send 'em!"

The others laughed agreement, and then they were out of the office into the back room that fronted the jail cells. In the indistinct light, they could see the man in the cell stretched out on the cot. Only now a dirty rag covered his mouth, and ropes were at ankles and wrists. His wrists were under his back.

Creeson roared gaily, "We got him for yuh, Vic. Now we'll have yuh out of there pronto!"

One of the men said, "But yuh shore got to stand us to drinks for all this trouble!"

A man put his sixgun to the cell lock and pulled the trigger. The sound was deafening in the small room. Boss Creeson yanked open the door and went in, followed by the others.

Creeson said, "He roped yuh up like a galled steer!"

The man on the cot growled, "I'm galled all right — but I'm not roped!"

Twisting aside, moving off the cot, Flip Carson spat out the gag from his mouth and lifted his hands from under his back. In his hands he had two sixguns. He was big in the cramped clothes that Vic Anderson had worn, and he bulked grim and foreboding in the dimly lighted cell.

Creeson gulped in amazement. "Yuh — yuh ain't Anderson!"

"That was Anderson back in the office. Reckon you shot him, eh? Get 'em up, boys — the law has come to Hackamore to stay!"

Creeson cursed and moved his gunhand. Flip triggered his gun, and Creeson folded and slid toward the floor. "You others — up with 'em!"

Astonishment had kept them motionless, but now the remaining seven moved. Their hands swung down and lifted. Colts came up.

But Marshal Flip Carson laughed grimly, "You asked for this, you cold-blooded murderers!" and then his guns were leaping and flaming in his hands, and men were going down, dropping in front of him, firing at floor or ceiling as they fell. The bitter smell of burning powder filled the room.

When he stopped firing, eight men lay on the floor. Flip stepped across them and to the cell door. He looked down and holstered his guns. He said, "I'll have the doc come over an' see if there are any of you that can be saved for a rope."

Then he went out into the street where people were staring and looking. He took a deep breath and headed down street. When a man looked at him curiously, Flip said, "Peace has come to Hackamore to stay, gentlemen. Peace has come to stay!"



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SEND NO MONEY... We Trust You

BOY ROGERS FLASH CAMERA



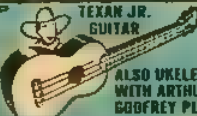
GABBY HAYES FISHING KIT



WATCHES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

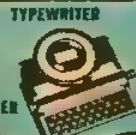


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Thousands like you just today enjoy the wonderful skin beauty that would naturally be theirs—thanks to Scope Medicated Skin Formula. It is made in special tones to match your skin—and almost like magic hides those unsightly externally caused blemishes while the medication is acting. Just a few minutes a day may help you toward the complexion that's lovable to kiss and touch!

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...to think to success in the business world—we recommend this amazing treatment. Just a few minutes each day can yield more gratifying results than you ever dreamed possible!

product that guarantees to improve your appearance or double your money back! Scope Medicated Skin Formula is GREASELESS, FAST-DRYING and STAINLESS! Makeups are easily be applied over it.

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SCOPE PRODUCTS CO. Dept. J.S. ACT NOW!
1 Orchard St., New York 2, N.Y.

☐ Please send me on a 10-Day Trial the Scope Medicated Skin Treatment. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, I may return the unused portion for double my purchase price back.

Check ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark Complexion

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

☐ **SAVE MONEY** Enclose \$2 now and we pay postage. Some double your money back, either way you order.



RECOMMEND THIS DOUBLE TREATMENT

Physician prescribe two ways to help control skin eruptions: First—clean the skin and clear the pores of clogging dirt. Second—inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin.

The clinically-proven ingredients in the scientifically-tested formula of Scope Products have been compounded to help overcome these external causes of pimples and irritations. Actually, it drives pimples because it helps remove the oil that skin specialists often associate with acne!

SKIN DOCTORS STATE THAT TO NEGLECT YOUR SKIN MAY PROLONG YOUR COMPLEXION TROUBLE AND MAKE IT MORE DIFFICULT TO CLEAR UP!

IT MAY BE HARMFUL— Send for Scope Medicated Skin treatment with the spirit of coverage action! **MAIL COUPON OR ONCE!**

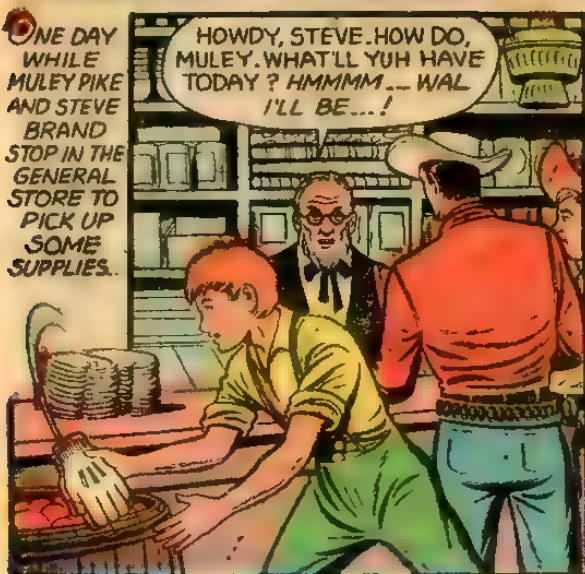
The DURANGO KID

CRIME IS THE TEXTBOOK
AND THERE ARE ONLY
BULLETS FOR THE TEACHER
WHEN **THE DURANGO KID**
STEPS INTO THE SECRET
SCHOOL FOR
**"READIN', 'RITIN',
RUSTLIN'!"**



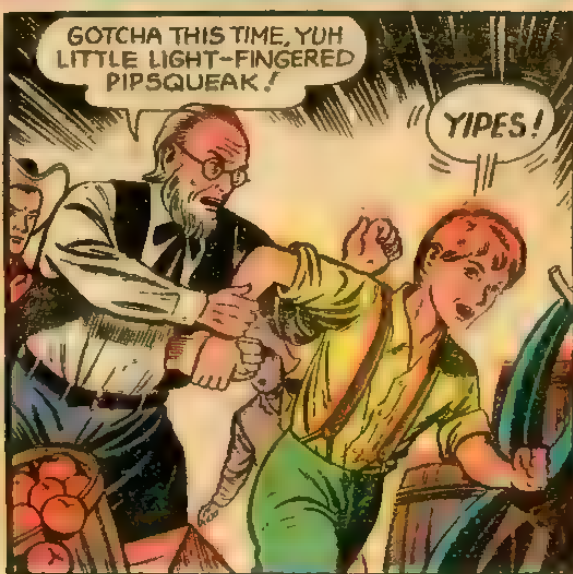
ONE DAY
WHILE
MULEY PIKE
AND STEVE
BRAND
STOP IN THE
GENERAL
STORE TO
PICK UP
SOME
SUPPLIES.

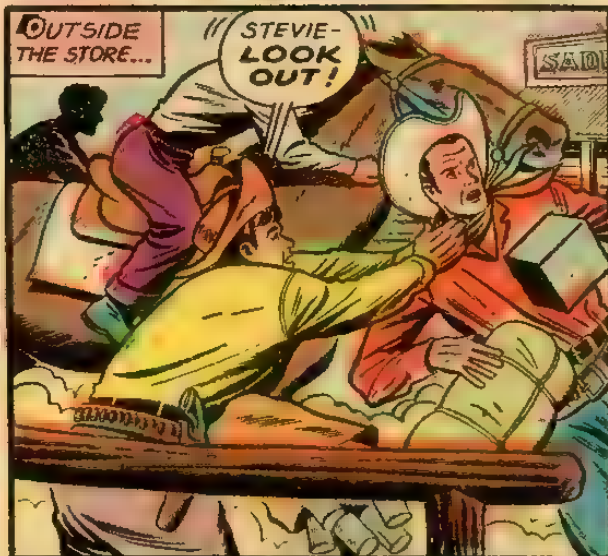
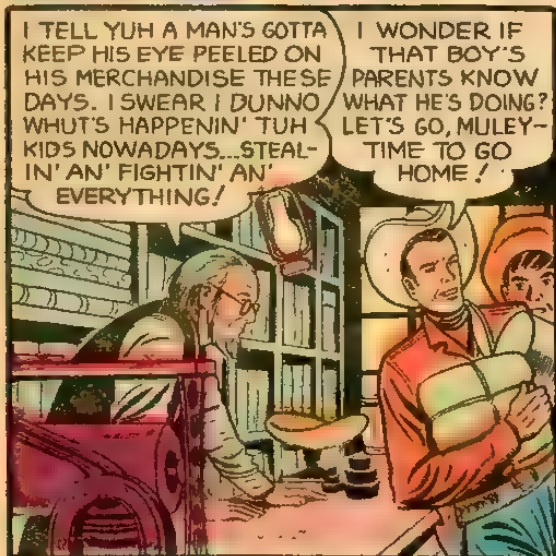
HOWDY, STEVE. HOW DO,
MULEY. WHAT'LL YUH HAVE
TODAY? HMMMM... WAL
I'LL BE...!



GOTCHA THIS TIME, YUH
LITTLE LIGHT-FINGERED
PIPSQUEAK!

YIPES!





THOSE BLANKETY-BLANK WILD KIDS! THUH STOREKEEPER'S A RIGHT-SOMETHIN' /S HAPPENIN' TUH YOUNG FOLKS THESE DAYS! I'D LIKE TUH TEAR AFTER 'EM AN' GIVE 'EM A BIT O' THUH OLD LEATHER STRAP TREATMENT!

NOW, NOW, MULEY-KIDS ARE KIDS. A BOY'S GOT TO LET OUT SOME OF THE WILDNESS IN HIM NOW AND THEN. YOU WERE THE SAME WAY.

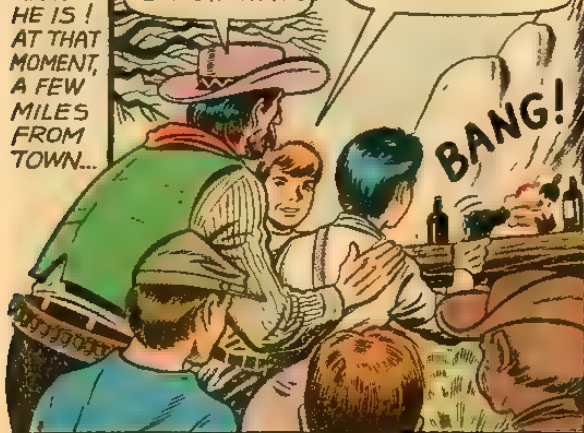
I WUZ **NOT**! MY FOLKS TAUGHT ME RESPECT FER OTHER PEOPLE'S SAFETY AN' PROPERTY, DAW-GONNIT! I TELL YUH THESE KIDS IS DIFFERENT! I HATE TUH THINK WHUT'D HAPPEN IF THEY EVER GOT **GUNS** IN THEIR HANDS...



MULEY
DOESN'T
KNOW
HOW
RIGHT
HE IS!
AT THAT
MOMENT,
A FEW
MILES
FROM
TOWN...

COME ON KID, DON'T
BE SKEERED O' THET
SIX-SHOOTER. PULL
THUH TRIGGER AN'
BLASTAWAY!

GEE, "CRASHER"—YUH
THINK I'LL EVER
GIT TUH BE AS BIG
AN' STRONG AN'
TOUGH AS YOU?



YUH BET I'M SMART—SMART ENOUGH TUH
RIDE WHEN THE OWL HOOTS, BOYS! SMART
ENOUGH TUH KNOW THAR'S NO MONEY IN RAISIN'
BEEF—BUT THAR'S EASY MONEY RUSTLIN' IT!
AN' THET'S WHUT I'M GOIN' TUH TEACH YOU...



SHORE, YUH'LL BE TOUGH AS
ME—WELL, ALMOST! SOON AS
YUH LEARN SOME GOOD DIRTY
FIGHTIN'—LIKE **THIS!**
HAW-HAW-HAW!

GOLLY—THAT
WUZ NEAT,
CRASHER! YOU'RE
SMART, ALL
RIGHT!



YOU KIDS'LL SOON BE READY FOR A BIG RUSTLIN'
JOB. AN' YUH'RE GOIN' TUH PRACTICE FER IT TONIGHT—
WHEN YOUR GANG, THUH BIG ROCK BUZZARDS, MEETS
THUH STONE CITY EAGLES FER
A GOOD SCRAP—FIGHT GOOD
AND FIGHT DIRTY,
BOYS!

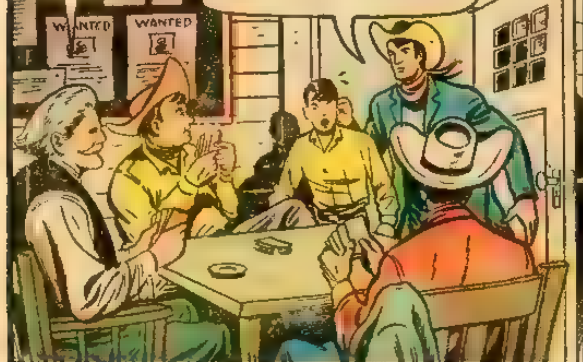
WE'LL LICK THEM
STONE CITY EAGLES!
YOU'LL SEE, CRASHER!



LATER THAT EVENING... IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

HEY,
WHUT'S UP?
WHUT'S YORE
BOY DONE
NOW, SAM?

IT AIN'T WHUT HE'S DONE, SHERIFF—IT'S
WHUT HE WUZ GONNA DO, BY GUM! NOW
YOU TELL THUH SHERIFF WHUT I JEST
MADE YUH TELL ME, SON—AN' TELL IT
STRAIGHT OR I'LL WHALE THUH TAR
OUTA YUH AG'IN!



WE GOT A GANG HERE IN BIG ROCK AN'
WE'RE MEETIN' A GANG OF KIDS FROM
STONE CITY TONIGHT—IN LOCUST
VALLEY. WE'RE GONNA FIGHT IT OUT—
WITH STONES AN' SLINGSHOTS AN'
STICKS! WE'RE = SOB = PRACTICIN'
TUH BE OWLHOOTS!

TARNATION!




TELL HIM, SON!

TELL HIM, SON!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT!



HOORAY FER THUH STONE | EAGL

FER THUH BIG ROCK

KID!

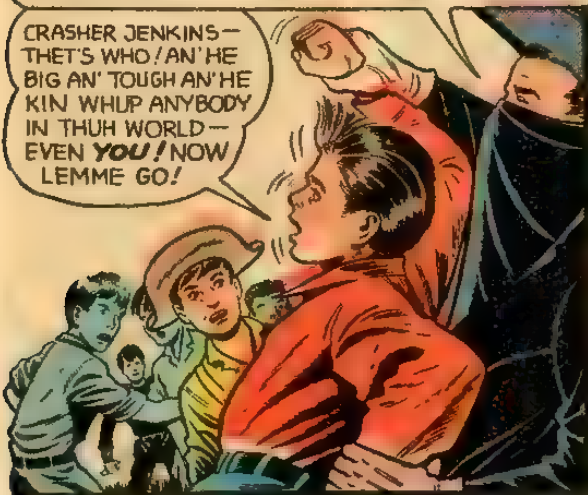
YOU'RE GETTING

GOOD AS CRASHER

BANG!

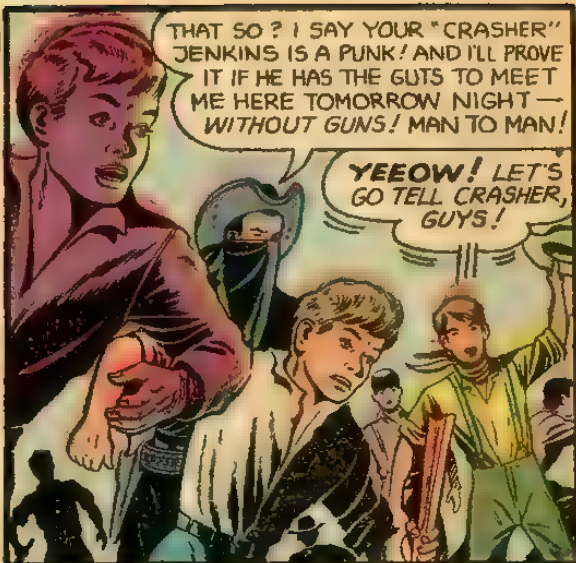
HAD ENOUGH? NOW — *SPILL IT!* WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS? WHO'S TEACHING YOU THESE BADHAT TRICKS?

CRASHER JENKINS — THET'S WHO! AN' HE BIG AN' TOUGH AN' HE KIN WHUP ANYBODY IN THUH WORLD — EVEN *YOU!* NOW LEMME GO!



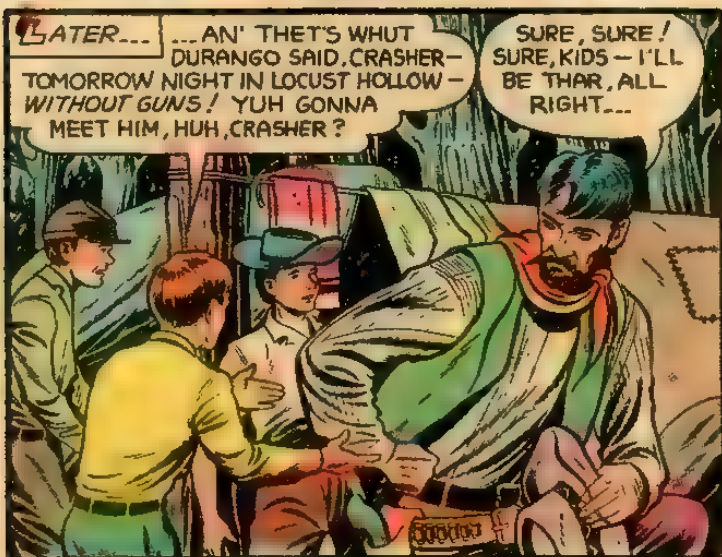
THAT SO? I SAY YOUR "CRASHER" JENKINS IS A PUNK! AND I'LL PROVE IT IF HE HAS THE GUTS TO MEET ME HERE TOMORROW NIGHT — *WITHOUT GUNS!* MAN TO MAN!

YEEOW! LET'S GO TELL CRASHER, GUYS!



LATER... ...AN' THET'S WHUT DURANGO SAID. CRASHER — TOMORROW NIGHT IN LOCUST HOLLOW — *WITHOUT GUNS!* YUH GONNA MEET HIM, HUH, CRASHER?

SURE, SURE! SURE, KIDS — I'LL BE THAR, ALL RIGHT...



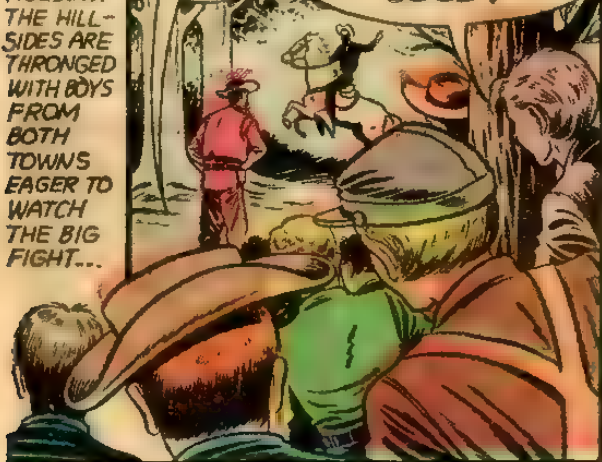
WITHOUT GUNS, HUH? WHUT A LAUGH! NOW'S THUH TIME TUH GIT DURANGO FER GOOD — HIM WALKIN' *WITHOUT GUNS* INTO A *TRAP!* I'LL SHOW THESE KIDS HOW SMART I AM. I BETTER START LINING UP MUH MEN RIGHT NOW...



NEXT NIGHT IN LOCUST HOLLOW. THE HILL-SIDES ARE THROGGED WITH BOYS FROM BOTH TOWNS EAGER TO WATCH THE BIG FIGHT...

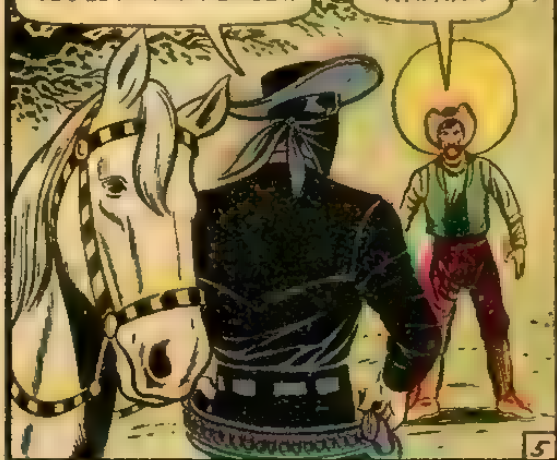
HYAR HE COMES, HYAR'S *DURANGO!*

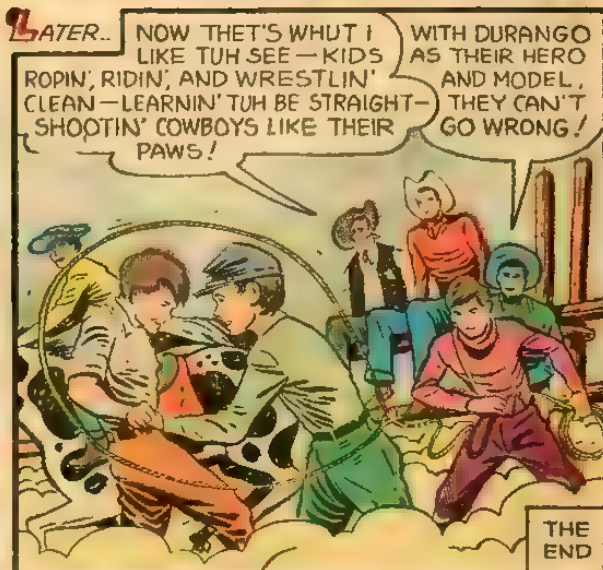
AN' CRASHER'S READY FER 'IM! *ZOWIE!* — THIS IS GOIN' TUH BE *GOOD!*



ALL RIGHT, CRASHER — MR TEACHER OF CRIME 'YOU'RE GOING TO GET A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET.

CUT THUH GABBIN' AN' COME ON IN, DURANGO 'I'M WAITIN'!





DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.⁵⁰

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.⁰⁰

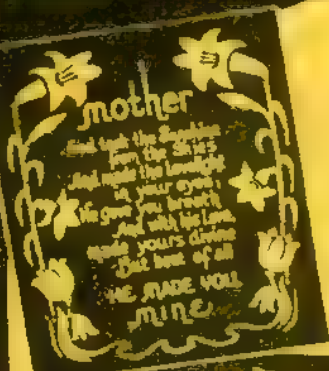
IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.⁰⁰

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO ➡

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

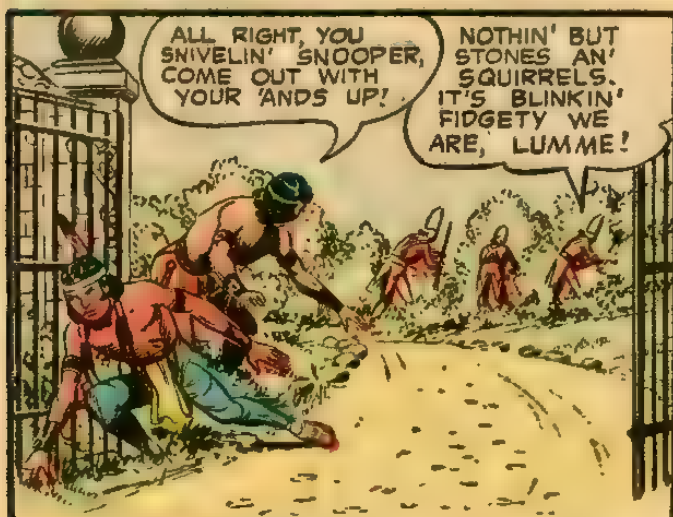
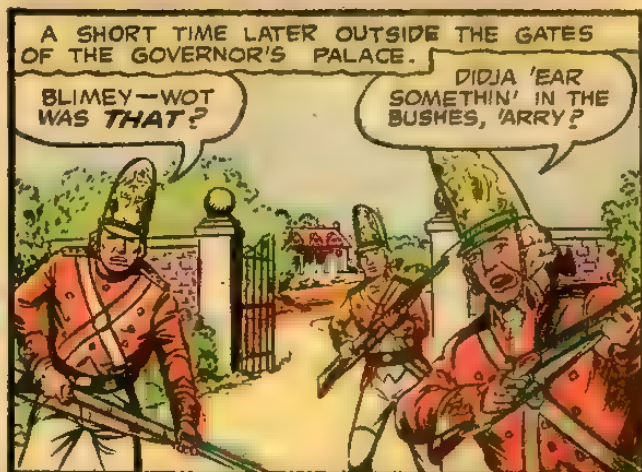
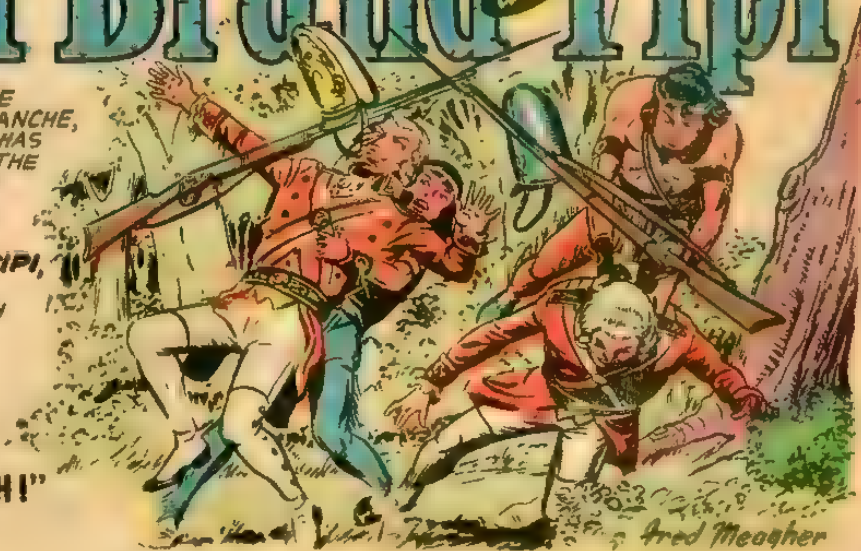
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Nashville, Tennessee

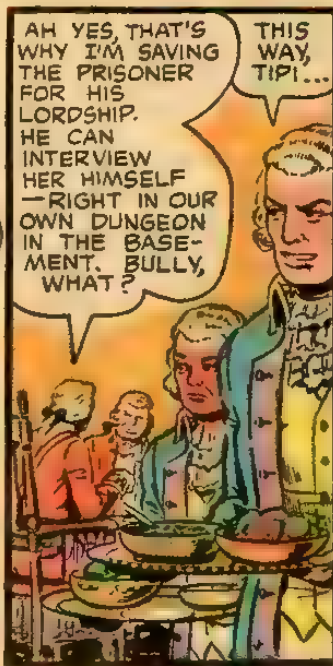
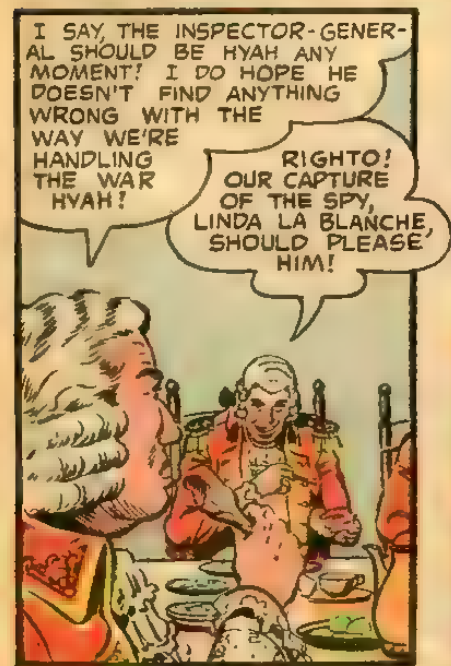
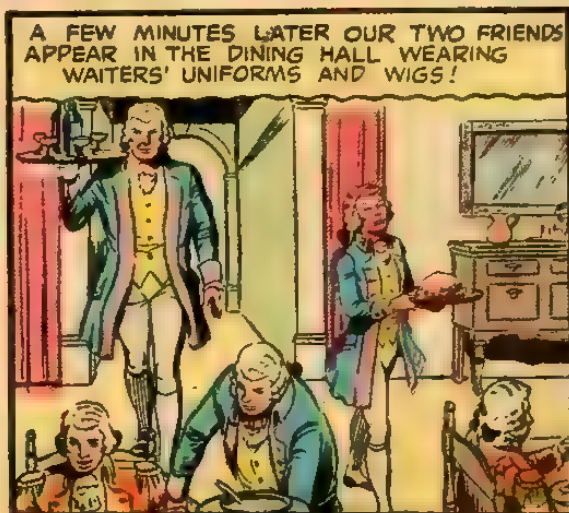
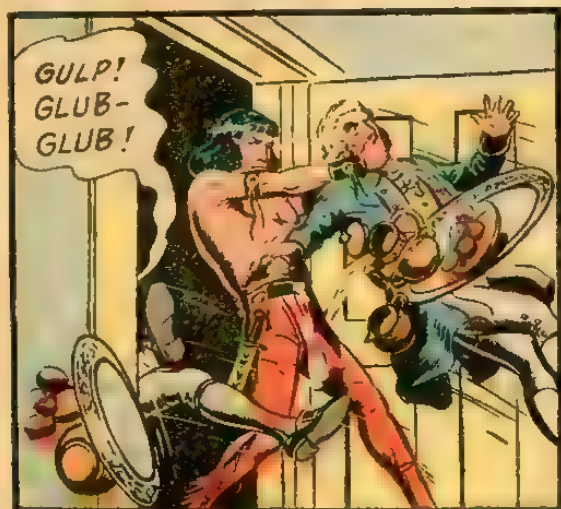


Dan Brand and Tipi

THE WORD HAS COME THROUGH! LINDA LA BLANCHE, SPY EXTRAORDINARY, HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH, AND IS HELD PRISONER IN THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE. HERE COME **DAN BRAND AND TIPI**, SILENTLY FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH BRITISH LINES HEADING FOR —

**"THE RESCUE
OF
LINDA LA BLANCHI!"**





I SAY, COLONEL, OLD BOY— WHAT SAY WE TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT OUR PRISONER— EH WHAT?



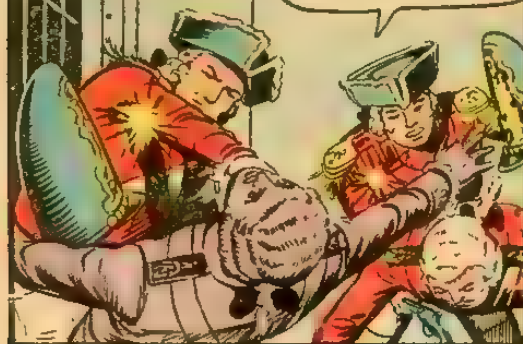
BLIMEY—TWO MORE OFFICERS COME TO SEE THE PRISONER!

THEN SNAP TO ATTENTION, YOU BLOKES!
AT-TEN-SHUN!



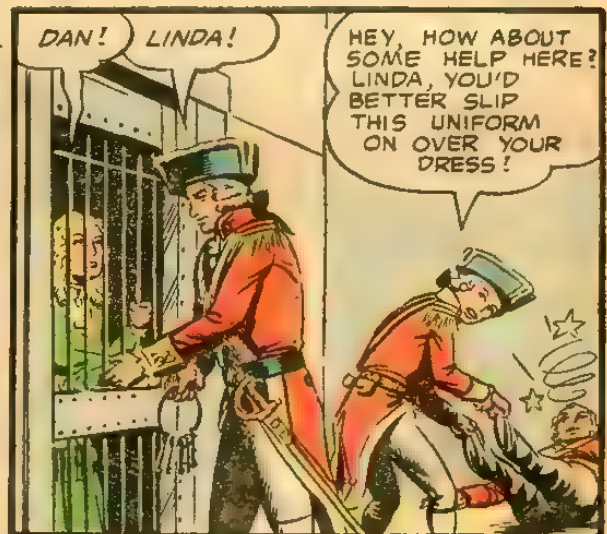
AT EASE! ALL RIGHT, TIP!— STRIP THIS SHORT ONE. HIS UNIFORM WILL DO FOR LINDA!

AND WE'D BETTER GET THESE CAPES OFF— YOU'RE DEMOTED TO COMMON SOLDIER, DAN!



DAN! LINDA!

HEY, HOW ABOUT SOME HELP HERE? LINDA, YOU'D BETTER SLIP THIS UNIFORM ON OVER YOUR DRESS!

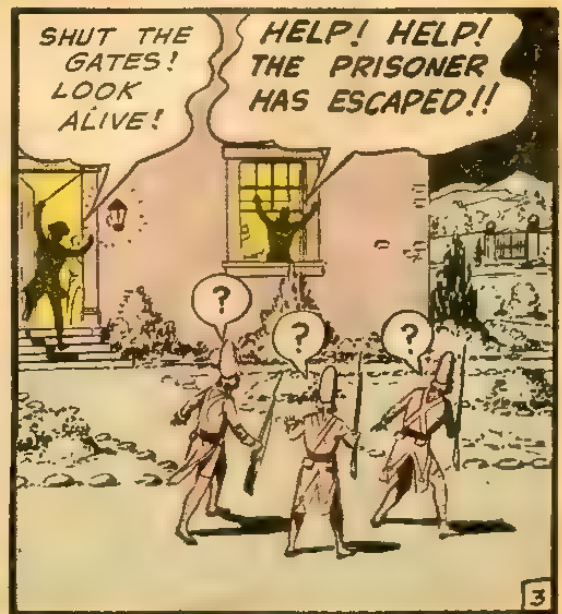


THERE'S THE COURTYARD AND THERE'S THE GATE! LET'S GO! KEEP YOUR EYES STRAIGHT AHEAD AND KEEP THOSE HATS DOWN OVER YOUR FACES... WE'RE MARCHING RIGHT OUT THAT GATE— I HOPE!

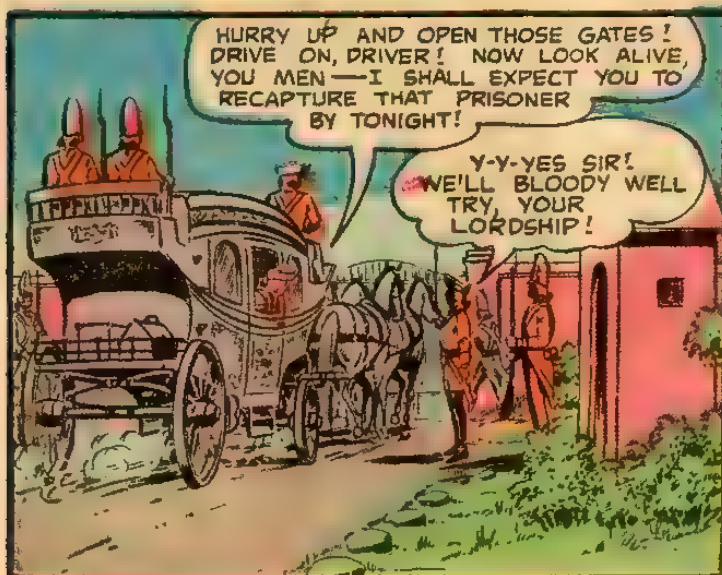
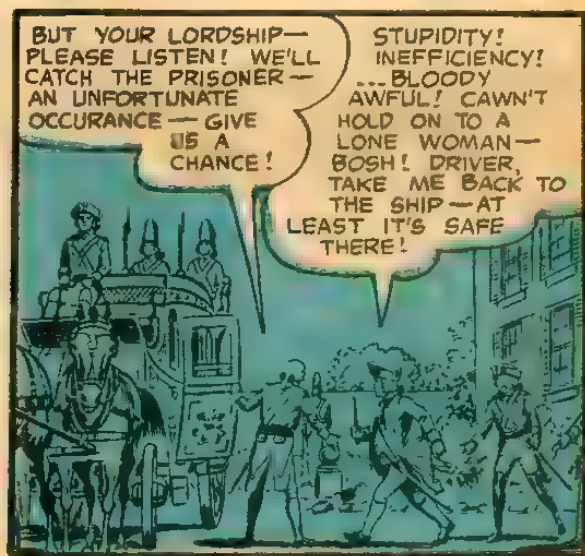
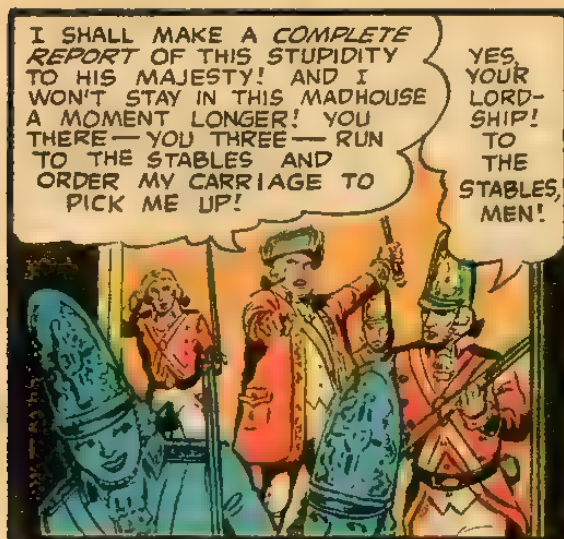


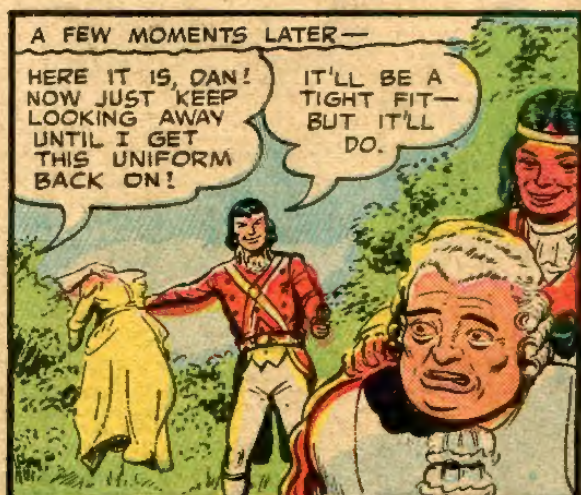
SHUT THE GATES! LOOK ALIVE!

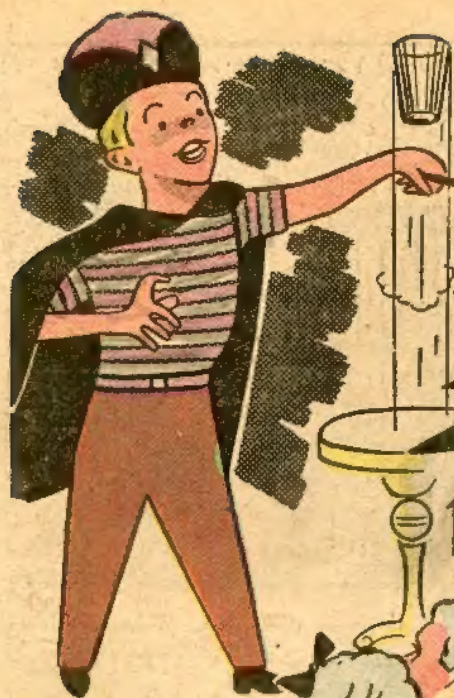
HELP! HELP! THE PRISONER HAS ESCAPED!!











COMPLETE BAFFLING MAGIC OUTFIT

20 First Class Illusions

BE A MAGICIAN — FOOL AND DELIGHT THEM WITH
A FULL 2 HOUR MYSTERY SHOW

\$1
Only



ROPE TRICK—Cut it in half, yet it is still in one piece and other surprises—yours only with this offer.



GRAVITY—Defy scientific laws. Seeing is believing. You'll fool them plenty when you know how.



MAGIC MIRROR—Spectators will be amazed. With it you read cards, without even looking at them.



FLYING QUARTER—Here's one you can do over and over again and make all the guessers look foolish.

Now the top secrets of 20 professional magic tricks are yours to entertain and amaze your friends and make you popular. With this outfit you get 20 exclusive tricks and the secret knowledge of how to easily perform them all for only \$1.00.

You Alone Will Know These Revealing Secrets

Imagine, by just waving your magic wand and shouting a few magic words you will be able to make things disappear and reappear . . . imagine your friends and mother and dad all being fooled, surprised and amazed. You'll hold them spell-bound. They will just sit open mouthed with wonderment. They'll be delighted, for it's a barrel of fun for everyone. It's so fascinating and thrilling . . . BUT . . . the hidden secrets will be yours, never to reveal. Follow the simple directions and no one will ever catch on.

No Experience Necessary

The illustrated instructions furnished are so simple you will master all these tricks at once. It's fun practicing too . . . for here you have a short cut to magic learning that starts you doing tricks right away. You can't go wrong . . . it's as easy as A, B, C's . . . AND . . . the set of 20 exclusive tricks is almost a gift at this limited offer price of \$1.00.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

You'll agree this 20 piece Magic Set is worth much more than our bargain price of \$1.00; and it is. We want new friends for our other novelty bargains. We want you to try the set, follow the instructions and if not 100% delighted, return it after 10 days free trial for prompt refund of your dollar. Act at once. Sorry, only three to a customer.



ALL THESE 20 TRICKS INCLUDED

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| CUT AND RESTORED ROPE | HORSE AND RIDER |
| FAMOUS PADDLE TRICK | CHINESE LAUNDRY TICKET |
| RING ON STRING | MIRACLE COIN TRICK |
| VIS-ESCAPE | QUESTION MARK |
| MAGIC PINS | GRAPPLES |
| RING AND COIL | TWISTER TRICK |
| GRAVITY DEFYER | MASTER CARD LOCATION |
| MAGIC MIRROR | PLUS 5 CUT-OUT TRICKS |

And special illustrated secret instruction booklet.

RUSH COUPON — MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. 391M
35 Wilbur ST. Lynbrook, N.Y.
Rush my Baffling Magic Outfit on approval for only \$1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it after 10 days free trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1 on delivery plus a few cents postage.
- ☐ I enclose \$1 for my MAGIC OUTFIT. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage. Same money back guarantee.

In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

Now, Buddy **YOU**

Mail the
Coupon below
as I did!
May be LAST
CHANCE be-
fore \$1 price
goes back!

GET ALL THESE
PICTURE-
PACKED
COURSES

FREE

If you mail
coupon NOW!

Millions
have
been sold
at \$1.

1



2



3



4



5



Ken
GRIMM
AFTER
MAILING
COUPON

from this
Bloodless, Pitiful
**SKINNY
SHRIMP**

Ken Grimm BEFORE
mailing
coupon

to
this

**NEW MUSCULAR
RED-BLOODED
HEAD-TO-TOE
HE-MAN!**

I just
**GAINED
35 NEW LBS.**
OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!

You can do the same
as I and THOUSANDS have
You can add 10 inches to your CHEST
6 inches to each ARM and
the rest in proportion as I did.

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK** or **FLABBY** any more
just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did.

Besides getting ALL 5 Courses (pictured on th's page) **FREE** (MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR \$1.)
you'll ALSO get **FREE** a big BOOK of PHOTOS of STRONG MEN
and BOYS who were WEAKLINGS like you BEFORE mailing coupon.

THIS THRILLING BOOK WILL ALSO TELL YOU

HOW YOU

**CAN WIN
A BIG 15" TALL
SILVER CUP
as I just did
and how to**

**WIN
\$100.**

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES, 2. MUSCLE METER
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Dept. ME-43

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

"Sweetest Courses
greater in
World for
Building
All Around
HE-MEN"
-Dr. F. Koptner
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
320 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses. 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
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Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 10c
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (No C.O.D.'s)

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

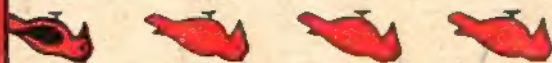
ONLY \$1.00

The Climbing Bird that Defies Gravity

YOGI



**Amaze your friends!
Be the first to get this
wonderful climbing toy!**



YOGI WALKS ACROSS THE CEILING



IT'S TRUE! Yogi will walk straight
up a wall! He will walk —upside-down,
of course — right across your ceiling!

Compix Yogi Bird, dept. DK29

10 Murray St. New York 7, N.Y.

Please send me ____ YOGI BIRDS.
I enclose \$____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **STATE** _____

No C.O.Ds Send check or money order